



THE
CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. T O W N,

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To Mr. T O W N,

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S I R,



S no one has a greater respect for the fair sex than myself, I was highly pleased with a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, ridiculing the detestable use of paint among the ladies. This practice is indeed too general; and for my part, when I meet with a blooming fresh-coloured face in town, I no more take it for the real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine Queen Anne's portrait delineated on a sign-post to be Her Majesty's flesh and blood.

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BUT this fashion is not confined to the ladies. I am ashamed to tell you that we are indebted to *Spanish Wool* for many of our masculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lackers his pale face with as many varnishes as a fine lady; and it is well known that late hours at the card-table, amusements at *Haddock's*, immoderate draughts of Champagne, and sleeping all night upon a bulk, will strip the most healthy complexion of its roses. Therefore to repair the loss, they are obliged to substitute the unwholesome disguise of art, for the native hue of a vigorous constitution.

I MUST leave it to you, Mr. TOWN, or your ingenious correspondent to enlarge upon this subject; and will only just appeal to the ladies, whether a smooth fair face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour, and whether they do not look on those of the other sex as a contemptible sort of rivals, who aspire to be thought charming and pretty? As many females are also conscious that they themselves endeavour to conceal by art the defects of nature, they are apt to suspect those of our sex, who are so very solicitous to set off their persons: and indeed I fear it will be found upon examination that our pretty fellows, who lay on Carmine, are painting a rotten post.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

W. MANLY.

MANY of my readers will, I dare say, be hardly persuaded that this custom could have ever prevailed as a branch of male foppery; but it is too
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notorious that our fine gentlemen, in many other instances besides the article of paint, affect the softness and delicacy of the fair sex. The male beauty has his washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and takes as much pains to set a gloss on his complexion, as the footman in japaning his shoes. He has his dressing-room and (which is still more ridiculous) his Toilette too; at which he sits as many hours repairing his battered countenance, as a decayed toast dressing for a birth-night. I had once an opportunity of taking a survey of one of these Male-Toilettes; and as such a curiosity may perhaps prove entertaining to many of my readers, I shall here give a description of it.

HAVING occasion one morning to wait on a very pretty fellow, I was desired by the *Valet de Chambre* to walk into the dressing room, till his master was stirring. I was accordingly shewn into a neat little chamber, hung round with *India* paper, and adorned with several little images of pagods and bramins, and vessels of *Chelsea China*, in which were set various-coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the Toilette most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the *Chinese* taste. A looking-glass enclosed in a whimsical frame of *Chinese* paling, stood upon a *Japan* table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chints. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them *Japan*, and were regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several, and in one I found lip-salve; in another a roll of pigtail; and in another the ladies black sticking plaister: but the last which I opened

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very much surpris'd me, as I found nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked in one part of the table a tooth-brush and sponge with a pot of *Delascot's* opiate, and on the other side water for the eyes: in the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum: almond pastes, powder-puffs, hair combs, brushés, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastic equipage: but among many other wimsies, I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet inform'd me, that it was a comb for the eye-brows.

IT must be confess'd, that there are some men of such a delicate make and silky constitution, that it is no wonder if gentlemen of such a lady-like generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and softnesses of females. These tender dear creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mamas, and scarce fed with any thing less innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to study, lest it should hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache; nor suffer'd to use any exercises, like other boys, lest a fine hand should be spoiled by being used too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declensions, and at length lashed through a whole school, these pretty masters are kept at home to improve in whip-fillabubs, pastry, and *face-painting*. In consequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men, these dainty creatures come into the world, with all the accomplishments of a lady's woman.

BUT if these common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in these equivocal half-men, these neuter somethings

some things between male and female, how awkwardly must they sit upon the more robust and masculine part of mankind? What indeed can be more absurd, than to see a huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the stage as a champion at *Broughton's Amphitheatre*, sitting to varnish his broad face with paint and *Benjamin-wash*? For my part, I never see a great looby aiming at *delicately*, but it seems as strange and uncouth a figure as *Achilles* in petticoats. This folly is also to be particularly condemned, when it appears in the more solemn characters of life, to which a gravity of appearance is essential; and in which the least marks of foppery seem as improper, as a physician would seem ridiculous prescribing in a bag-wig, or a serjeant pleading at the *King's Bench* in his own hair instead of a night-cap periwig. As I think an instance or two of this kind would shew this folly in the most striking light, I shall here subjoin two characters, in whom as it is most improper, it will consequently appear most ridiculous.

JOHN HARDMAN is upwards of six feet high, and stout enough to beat two of the sturdiest chairmen that ever came out of *Ireland*. Nature indeed seems to have intended *John* himself to carry a chair, but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever character he likes best, and he has wisely discovered, that none will fit so easy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore his study to new-mould his face, and person: He throws his goggle eyes into leers, languishes and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, that extends from one ear to the other, into a simper. His voice, which is naturally of a deeper base than an hurdy-gurdy, is in a manner set to a new tune: and his speech, which is very much tinged with the broad dialect of a particular county,

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is delivered with so much nicety and gentleness, that every word is minced and clipt in order to appear soft and delicate. When he walks, he endeavours to move his unwieldy figure along in the pert trip, or easy shambling pace of our pretty fellows; and commonly carries a thin jemmy stick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of *Hercules* with a distaff.

THE Reverend Mr. JESSAMY, (who took orders only because there was a good living in the family,) is known among the ladies by the name of the Beau-Parson. He is indeed the most delicate creature imaginable; and differs so much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very sight of a plumb-pudding would make him swoon. Out of his Canonicals, his constant dress is what they call Parson's-Blue, lined with white; a black fatten waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings: his pumps are of dog-skin made by *Tull*; and it is said that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length being out of all proportion, prevented his having a handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox: for, though it would be open schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag-front, and is properly cropped behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick; or else he declares he would certainly go abroad, where he might again resume his laced cloaths, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig, and sword.

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